A Raft and a River

Dipabhasadhamma

Upon the bank, the river flows,
A path unmarked where no one knows.
Its currents strong, its waters wide,
A restless course, no place to bide.

A traveler stands, the way unclear,
The other shore both far and near.
No bridge to span, no ford to find,
Yet onward calls the quiet mind.

From gathered reeds, a raft is made,
A vessel born of hand and blade.
It floats upon the shifting tide,
A fragile hope, the stream to ride.

With trembling hands, the traveler rows,
Through swirling depths, where water grows.
The rocks resist, the rapids roar,
Yet steady hands steer evermore.

At last, the shore is reached, serene,
A place of calm, a space unseen.

The raft, once cherished, now let go,
Its purpose served, its work to show.

For tools are means, not ends to hold,
Their worth is found in use, not gold.
Once carried through the river's strife,
The raft is left, for it is life.

And so the lesson flows as clear,
Let go the clinging, end the fear.
The tools we build, the paths we take,
Are not the truths but forms we make.

The raft, the river, the distant shore,
All teach of less, of needing no more.
To cross, to flow, to find release,
Is to embrace the way of peace.